

*In Memoriam.*

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CHARLES NEWMAN WALDRON.

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*C. V. Walden*

MEMORIAL

CHARLES N. WALDRON, D. D.,

WHO WAS

TRANSLATED MARCH 2, 1888.

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"THEY SHALL WALK WITH ME IN WHITE."—*Rev. iii: 4.*

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FUNERAL ADDRESS.





# ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL OF DR. WALDRON

BY REV. J. F. DICKIE,

PASTOR OF THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

DETROIT, MICH

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*Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.*—Gen. v : 24.

Dr. James Hamilton, of London, once astonished his congregation, as he was reading the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, by adding the names of Chrysostom and Augustine, and Tauler and Thomas à Kempis, and Luther, and Calvin, and Knox, and Chalmers, and Guthrie, and James Nisbet, one of his own elders. When asked why he had done so, he answered : “I wished to show you that we either unduly exalt the saints mentioned in Scripture, or we unduly depreciate the saints that live and move among us.” His answer was just and true. Held by the bondage of custom we are all guilty of the charge he prefers against us. Would I be doing violence to Holy Scripture by saying : And Charles Newman Waldron walked with God, and he was not, for God took him? Nay, for we know that this word is as

appropriate and as applicable to him, whom we miss to-day, as it ever was to mortal.

Believe me, the children of God, of our own generation, are as heroic in faith and patience, as bright and beautiful in their hope, and as noble in their charity as any the world has ever seen. I regard it as one of the greatest blessings of my life, that I have been privileged to know men and women in our own city, whose saintliness is as genuine and as beautiful as any of which the church of God has record. Many are yet with us, though some are fallen asleep. And although their achievements in Christian chivalry may not equal the glorious triumphs of patriarchs and prophets, of apostles and martyrs—for they had special work to do and were granted special grace and inspiration for the doing of it—yet the like blessed influences of God's omnipotent grace would produce like results here and now. God lacks not servants to do any work, He has for men to do. God's call, happily, is not uttered in our ears all in vain. Some devout and pious soul leaps up responsive to the voice, that speaks to us from heaven. And thus the little world we live in is not left without a witness, and even the ungodly have taken knowledge of such, that they have been with Jesus. Many of these we have carried to their graves, men and women, whose presence was a sermon, whose word of cheer was an inspiration, and whose memory—shrined in our hearts—is an abiding benediction. Within a few months, we of the ministry have been called on to part with three of our honored brethren—John G. Atterbury, Arthur Sandford, and now Charles N. Waldron. We are parted from them for a season, that we may meet with them for ever. In deep solemnity, yet in sweet faith and buoyant hope, we say to him whose face death has only transfigured, "Good night," my father, for God's little while, "good

night" till, in a brighter world, you greet us with a sweet "good morrow."

The life, whose earthly career is closed, was a Christian life, well rounded out. As long ago as 1849, Rev. Charles N. Waldron began his ministry at East Hampton, L. I. A few months later he removed to Cohoes, N. Y., to assume the pastorate of the Dutch Reformed Church. There, for the long period of thirty years, he lived and labored, walking with God in the sunshine of home, in the regular visitation of his people, and, in the pulpit, preaching the glorious gospel of the blessed God. How strong the ties that bound his people to the "good Dominie." He saw a new generation rise up to wait on his ministry and to call him blessed. Tears fall in many a home in Cohoes to-day, because the good Dominie has gone home. Yet how they will bless God that so recently he was among them—that so recently they saw their old pastor once again, and heard once more from his lips "the old, old story of Jesus and His love."

Believing that the time had come for him to give way to a younger man, he came to Hillsdale, Mich., in 1879. After a three years' ministry of great usefulness there, he removed to our own city in 1882. He would spend life's afternoon free from the burden of a parish, yet free to exercise his gift as God gave him opportunity. Comparatively few were the Sabbaths, when he did not, in some of our pulpits, lift up his eloquent voice for Christ. The smaller and weaker the church, the more readily would he minister. All our churches revered the man, and delighted in his ministrations. Time and again within three years, he might have resumed the pastorate, but he chose rather to stand in the breach in a time of vacancy, or to serve his brethren when sickness or need of rest and vacation detained them from their flocks. You yourselves do know how full and free

the gospel that he preached. With what store of learning, of ripe Christian experience, of sweet unction, that eloquence of a beautiful soul, did he present Christ, the hope of the sinner, the joy of the saint, his own hope and joy.

The whole nature of the man is revealed to us—his inmost soul laid bare to our view—when we know that the hymn, which was daily his delight, was that sweetest of gospel hymns—the hymn of Paul Gerhardt—which has been so beautifully translated by James W. Alexander :

O sacred head, now wounded,  
 With grief and shame weighed down,  
 Now scornfully surrounded  
 With thorns, thine only crown ;  
 O sacred head, what glory  
 What bliss till now was thine !  
 Yet, though despised and gory,  
 I joy to call thee mine.

What thou, my Lord, hast suffered  
 Was all for sinners' gain ;  
 Mine, mine was the transgression,  
 But thine the deadly pain.  
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour !  
 'Tis I deserved thy place ;  
 Look on me with thy favor,  
 Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

The joy can ne'er be spoken,  
 Above all joys beside,  
 When in thy body broken  
 I thus with safety hide ;  
 My Lord of Life, desiring  
 Thy glory now to see,  
 Beside thy cross expiring,  
 I'd breathe my soul to thee.

What language shall I borrow  
 To thank thee, dearest Friend,  
 For this thy dying sorrow,  
 Thy pity without end ?

Oh, make me thine forever;  
 And should I fainting be,  
 Lord, let me never, never  
 Outlive my love to thee.

And when I am departing,  
 Oh, part not thou from me!  
 When mortal pangs are darting,  
 Come, Lord, and set me free;  
 And when my heart must languish  
 Amidst the final throe,  
 Release me from thine anguish,  
 By thine own pain and woe!

Be near me when I'm dying,  
 Oh, show thy cross to me!  
 And for my succor flying,  
 Come, Lord, and set me free;  
 These eyes, new faith receiving,  
 From Jesus shall not move,  
 For he who dies believing,  
 Dies safely, through thy love.

This hymn was, to Dr. Waldron, prophesy, promise, and prayer. Because it was so, he was a man full of joy. What Christian, do you know, who walks as constantly in the sunshine of holy joy, as this man did? Yet full well he knew, that some day, without warning of its coming, he would hear a voice from the unseen calling him, and he would go. This thought rose in his heart at morningtide, communed with him all the day, and abode with him through the night watches. But it cast no shadow on his life at home, no cloud upon his pathway abroad. The hymn, he daily read, tells us why. This hymn reveals to us the well-spring of his great joy—and he had reached the highest joy a man can know. For that joy is the highest, which, while felt to be a joy, can include the thought of death, and clothe itself with that crowning pathos. In his mind, every joy did, more or less, with that crowning pathos

clothe itself. Hence he could greet his brethren at all times with sweet cheerfulness. The wit, that sparkled, but never wounded, and the timely quip and jest, to the accompaniment of merry laughter, came tripping from his tongue. And then the safe word, the word of advice and encouragement and grave counsel came with gentleness and manly sympathy. You were made to feel in his presence, that no storm of earth could ever cloud the clearness, or trouble the calmness of his perfect trust in Jesus Christ our Lord. The joy of the Lord was his strength.

I used to think that the ideal end of a Christian minister was exemplified in the passing away of John Knox. Worn out with the burden and heat of the day, he preached at the installation of his successor—the old fervor breaking out in spite of bodily weakness once more and for the last time. He descended from the pulpit and, with feeble steps, passed through the midst of his flock, as they took their places on the street to see him go, and watched his progress down the Canongate till he reached his house. Entering in, he laid him down to die. At the end of a week, he said: “Now the end is come, and I commend my soul to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen.”

Since I saw the close of this man's earthly course, I have been of another mind. He, who has gone home, 'twas he that had the ideal ending of an earthly ministry. His mind filled with his message, his step advancing to the place, where he should stand as God's ambassador, and, instead of telling how, in days gone by, the Holy Ghost said: “Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereto I have called them,” to hear the Holy Ghost say: “Separate me Charles Newman Waldron



for the heavenly ministry, to which I have called him," and to respond to the call. With his soul to say, *Nunc dimittis*, and to be up and away, this made a blessed end. For him, ripe and ready, how blessed ; but for those who remain, how startling and how solemn, and how sad ! God comfort them with His abounding consolations. God sustain them by His grace.

For the church, too, that looked to him, as for a season their minister and guide we make our prayer. God comfort them, and send them an Elisha to take the place of the Elijah, who has been so gloriously translated to the heavenly rest.







MEMORIAL SERMON.



## MEMORIAL SERMON.

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THIS SERMON WAS DELIVERED AT COHOES, SUNDAY MORNING  
THE TWENTY-FIFTH DAY OF MARCH, EIGHTEEN HUN-  
DRED AND EIGHTY-EIGHT, IN COMPLIANCE WITH AN  
INVITATION FROM THE CONSISTORY OF THE RE-  
FORMED CHURCH, OF WHICH DR. WALDRON  
HAD BEEN THE HONORED AND BELOVED  
PASTOR FOR THIRTY YEARS.

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BY ALEXANDER DICKSON.

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*Before his translation he had this testimony, that he  
pleased God.*—Heb. xi : 5.

In coming to this service I hardly know how to order my speech aright. In former days, when you were “passing through the valley of Baca,”<sup>1</sup> it was better than my meat and drink to bring with my sermon some heavenly balm for the hurt in the heart, and by my prayers to lead you to the “Rock that is higher than I.”<sup>2</sup> But I am your companion in tribulation now, and “I am so troubled that I cannot speak.”<sup>3</sup>

The kindly manner in which your request was pressed upon me by your Pastor affected me deeply ; it went right to my heart of hearts. He told me what you said about the friendship of David and Jonathan, and the reason you sent for me is the very reason why I felt that I could not come. “Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye, my friends ; for the hand of God hath touched me.”<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ps. lxxxiv: 6.    <sup>2</sup> Ps. lxi: 2.    <sup>3</sup> Ps. lxxvii: 1.    <sup>4</sup> Job xix: 21.

When our minds are sore stirred within us, and our hearts are bursting with emotion, our words are few. And the deepest grief is dumb, and if I should say nothing to-day my silence would be more eloquent than the most eloquent eulogy ever pronounced. But I may not be silent, necessity is laid upon me, and I must address myself to my "labour of love;" and if I may be able to say anything worthy of the occasion I shall count myself happy. And as there are some strangers here this morning, I hope they will pardon my personal and familiar way of talking about one who had a place in all our homes, and a better place in all our hearts. Our souls were "knit together in love," and when the sad tidings came that "he was not" it seemed, so general was the sorrow, that there was one dead in every house.

After receiving your kind invitation, my first thought was to come here and make a few extemporaneous remarks, striving, of course, to speak a word in season to myself, and "them that mourn in Zion," and I would rather do so now; but, having learned by experience that when the heart is overwhelmed, the swift-winged words, unless tethered with pen and ink, are apt to fly away; I have written down what I have to offer, as an humble tribute to the blessed memory of one "of whom the world was not worthy." And that my thoughts may be appropriate, they shall twine themselves around the text which seems to have been recorded for just such a time as this: "Before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God."<sup>1</sup>

About thirty-nine years ago, soon after leaving the school of the prophets at Princeton, Charles N. Waldron came to make me a visit. It was of a Saturday afternoon that he arrived at my father's house, where there

<sup>1</sup> Heb. vi: 10.    <sup>2</sup> Col. ii: 2.    <sup>3</sup> Gen. v: 24.    <sup>4</sup> Isa. lxi: 3.  
<sup>5</sup> Heb. xi: 38.    <sup>6</sup> Heb. xi: 5.

was a welcome ready for him. I can see him now as then; his steps were light and eager; his form was straight and slender; his locks were "bushy and black as a raven," and he was "withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to."<sup>2</sup> We spent the evening in taking "sweet counsel together;" the next morning we "walked unto the house of God in company,"<sup>3</sup> and he preached the sermon, taking for his text these words: "Enoch walked with God, and he was not; for God took him."<sup>4</sup> After so long a time I cannot recall the plan of that sermon; but I can tell you something about the impression that it made on some of the congregation.

This church was vacant then; it was worse than vacant, it was closed; it was worse than closed, it was sold for debt, and was bought by four friends—all Eli's—whose hearts "trembled for the ark of God."<sup>5</sup> The remnant "which were left of the captivity"<sup>6</sup> were in great distress, and, feeling lonely, and desolate, and hungry for the bread of heaven, they came back to their mother church in Waterford. Most of them were present that Sunday morning and heard that sermon; they liked it, they were delighted with it, it was "a feast of fat things."<sup>7</sup> Coming down from the pulpit, I introduced them to the preacher, and they invited him to spend the next Sunday with them in Cohoes, and he came. That was in the spring of 1849, and, "by patient continuance in well-doing,"<sup>8</sup> he preached here till the summer of 1879. And in these days of a peripatetic ministry that was a remarkable record, and worthy of the highest commendation.

That first sermon of our "true yokefellow" was preached in about half an hour; but the life of the preacher was one long and lovely sermon on the same

<sup>1</sup> Cant. v: 11. <sup>2</sup> 1 Sam. xvi: 12. <sup>3</sup> Ps. lv: 14. <sup>4</sup> Gen. v: 24. <sup>5</sup> 1 Sam. iv: 13.

<sup>6</sup> Neh. i: 2. <sup>7</sup> Isa. xxv: 6. <sup>8</sup> Rom. ii: 7. <sup>9</sup> Phil. iv: 3.

text, and he was preaching it always and everywhere, in season and out of season, in the house and by the way. His greatest desire was to please God, and I think he succeeded better than the most of us, and a thousand times better than some of us. He was just, and generous, and honest, and upright, and amiable, and steadfast, and unmovable, "always abounding in the work of the Lord."<sup>1</sup> His lips were always pure, "like lilies dropping sweet smelling myrrh;"<sup>2</sup> his hands were always clean, "that bear the vessels of the Lord;"<sup>3</sup> his heart had always "the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed;"<sup>4</sup> and from the day that Jesus washed them in his blood, his feet wore beautiful "with shoes,"<sup>5</sup> "walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless."<sup>6</sup>

As soon as he was ordained and installed, the strippling shepherd commenced in earnest to gather together his few sheep that were scattered abroad, and winning them back from their wanderings he made them to "lie down in green pastures,"<sup>7</sup> and led them "beside the still waters;" he "fed them also with the finest of the wheat, and with honey out of the rock."<sup>8</sup> Many who were not of this fold, hearing that "there was corn in Egypt,"<sup>9</sup> came to buy, and as the corn of this land, like the gold of Havilah, was good, they came again to buy; at last they came to stay, because they could not stay away; and so his little flock grew larger, and still larger, till there was not room enough in the former little fold, and it was taken down and this costly and commodious sanctuary was built in its place. I think there is a proper sense in which it may be said with truth and soberness, that Dr. Waldron was the saviour of this church; he was more, he was "the chariot of Israel and

<sup>1</sup> 1 Cor. xv: 58. <sup>2</sup> Cant. v: 13. <sup>3</sup> Isa. lii: 11. <sup>4</sup> Gen. xxvii: 27.

<sup>5</sup> Cant. vii: 1. <sup>6</sup> Luke i: 6. <sup>7</sup> Ps. xxiii: 2. <sup>8</sup> Ps. lxxxi: 16. <sup>9</sup> Gen. xlii: 1.

the horsemen thereof."<sup>1</sup> I would by no means discourage you in your loving purpose to set a tablet in the wall, here beside the pulpit, sacred to his memory; but to me it seems hardly worth while to do so, when the temple itself is his monument.

The sermons of Dr. Waldron were filled with the marrow and fatness of the gospel, and were exceedingly interesting and instructive, "like apples of gold in pictures of silver."<sup>2</sup> Having received a good classical and theological education he was thoroughly furnished for his high calling. Fewer eyes could see further down into the deep things of God than those that looked through his spectacles. He had a firm faith in the divine inspiration of the Scriptures, and he was more at home in them, and better acquainted with them, than he was with the rooms in his own house. The word of God dwelt in him richly; he set great store by it; he hid it in his heart, and was constantly "bringing forth out of his treasure things new and old."<sup>3</sup> He was remarkably original, and often very ingenious in the treatment of a subject, and his style was "clear as crystal,"<sup>4</sup> like the water of life that it was. In the analysis of a text he had no superior, I question whether he had an equal. He was such a ready writer that it was easy for him to prepare for the pulpit. He would select his theme early in the week and keep turning it over in his mind, and, when the thoughts suggested by it were all set in order, he would take his polished pen and transfer them to "the parchments,"<sup>5</sup> sometimes at a single sitting. "The preacher sought to find out acceptable words, and that which was written was upright, even words of truth."<sup>6</sup> The works of God were as familiar to him as the word of God, and from both these gardens of "glorious beauty"

<sup>1</sup> II Kings ii: 12.    <sup>2</sup> Prov. xxv: 11.    <sup>3</sup> Math. xiii: 52.    <sup>4</sup> Rev. xxii: 1.

<sup>5</sup> II Tim. iv: 13.    <sup>6</sup> Eccl. xii: 10.    <sup>7</sup> Isa. xxviii: 4.



he gathered all kinds of emblems, and flowers, and fruits to illustrate, and embellish and enrich his discourses. He was a "cunning workman, and an embroiderer in blue, and in purple, and in scarlet, and in fine linen."<sup>1</sup> And, best of all, he practiced what he preached, and lived to "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."<sup>2</sup> As he did not always take his notes with him into the pulpit, you may have thought that he preached sometimes without any preparation, but he never did. His timely and touching addresses at the Lord's Table, his familiar talks at the prayer meeting, and his "comfortable words,"<sup>3</sup> when he buried your beloved dead, were all carefully prepared beforehand, and he never offered unto the Lord of that which cost him nothing. He knew that the candlestick was made of "beaten gold,"<sup>4</sup> that it was supplied with "beaten oil,"<sup>5</sup> and that the beaten oil always burns the brightest. He was a rapid speaker, as well as a ready writer, and could say very much in a very little while, and so he never wearied your patience, as I have often done. He delivered his sermons with great seriousness and solemnity, as if he had "a message from God."<sup>6</sup> He had very little action in the pulpit, and sometimes none at all, and his gestures were few, but his words of burning fire were proclaimed with energy, earnestness, and "an unction from the Holy One."<sup>7</sup> As the heart, panting after the water brooks, brings with it the scent of the plants and the flowers that grow upon its native hills, so our Elijah came down into this sacred desk every Sabbath day fresh from the Mountains of Myrrh and the hills of frankincense, shaking from the folds of his mantle the smell of heaven, and flinging from his very shoes the sweet perfume of Sharon's fair and bleeding rose. But I need

<sup>1</sup> Exod. xxxviii: 23.    <sup>2</sup> Tit. ii: 10.    <sup>3</sup> Zech. i: 13.    <sup>4</sup> Numb. viii: 4.

<sup>5</sup> Numb. xxvii: 5.    <sup>6</sup> Judg. iii: 20.    <sup>7</sup> Jno. ii: 20.



not enlarge, the fact that you listened to him so long, with increasing pleasure and profit, is evidence enough that he was one of the ablest ministers of the New Testament; "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed rightly dividing the word of truth."<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Waldron had the gift and the grace of prayer and supplication in a preëminent degree. In leading the devotional worship of the sanctuary he was perfectly at home; and although he prayed as fluently as he preached, he never hesitated for a moment, and every word was the right word and in the right place; and he made known his requests unto God with a fervency and a felicity of expression which was so remarkable, that those who heard him but once will never forget him. The Bible was his prayer book, as well as his text book, and his petitions were always feathered with some sure word of promise. It would not be possible to describe the solemnity, the spirituality, and the beauty with which he poured out his soul at the Mercy Seat. As well might I attempt to paint the rainbow, or describe the fragrance of "a bed of spices" as to depict the incense of his intercessions. He walked so close with God, and pleased him so perfectly, that he could not help praying well, as with "golden vials full of odours."<sup>2</sup> He dearly loved his church, he was "to the manor born;" but he never used her ancient and excellent Liturgy. He did not use the forms of prayer, even when he was administering the Sacraments. He had no need of crutches in going to the throne of grace. In going to the throne of grace did I say? he was always there, "praying always with all prayer."<sup>3</sup>

In the beginning it was not, I believe, our beloved brother's purpose to be a minister. He had other plans, and was pleasing God in another and a very congenial

<sup>1</sup> II Tim. ii: 15.    <sup>2</sup> Cant. v: 13.    <sup>3</sup> Rev. v: 8.    <sup>4</sup> Eph. vi: 18.

employment. But he heard a voice from heaven calling him to come away, and be a co-worker with God in making this bad world better; "and he went out, not knowing whither he went,"<sup>1</sup> but he knew with whom he went. He was mending his nets in a Banking house in his native city, and he had a genius for that kind of business, and his prospects were better than good. Riches and honor were before him, but he would not be "disobedient to the heavenly vision,"<sup>2</sup> and straightway left all to walk with Him who "pleased not Himself,"<sup>3</sup> and had "not where to lay his head;"<sup>4</sup> "esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt."<sup>5</sup> And before his translation he learned, by his own experience, that God is a good paymaster, and that those who forsake houses and lands and such like things for His sake and the gospel's, "shall receive an hundred fold now in thy time."<sup>6</sup>

Dr. Waldron was a very happy man. I have sometimes thought that he was the happiest man that I have ever known. He was like "the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain."<sup>7</sup> He was blessed with a cheerful disposition that he might be a benediction to others. His mind was like Aaron's rod that "budded and brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms and yielded almonds."<sup>8</sup> His spirit was a well spring of joyfulness which was constantly rising up, and running over, and running down in every direction like "streams from Lebanon."<sup>9</sup> I never found him in the "Slough of Despond," nor in "Doubting Castle." Those who please God always, and walk close with Him, never get into such dreadful places. Even when he was passing under the darkest

<sup>1</sup> Heb. xi. 8. <sup>2</sup> Acts xxvi. : 19. <sup>3</sup> Rom. xv. : 3. <sup>4</sup> Matt. viii. : 20. <sup>5</sup> Heb. xi. : 26.

<sup>6</sup> Mark x. : 30. <sup>7</sup> II Sam. xxiii. : 4. <sup>8</sup> Numb. xvii. : 8. <sup>9</sup> Cant. iv. : 15.

clouds, he could see the bright light that was in them; and his greatest griefs were beautified with the grace of gladness. His glorying slept so lightly that the softest touch waked it, and he was so full of elasticity that he speedily rebounded from the heaviest blows, and his heart was always palpitating with pleasant and playful emotions; "as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." I have said that his life was one long sermon, and it was; but it was a thanksgiving sermon—a thanks living sermon—a sermon in song. He walked with God, and God walked with him; so they twain went on their shining way together—the Master and His servant, the Father and His son—and, as they went, the beautiful goings of their blessed feet made the music of heaven upon the earth. He believed that our religion was designed to make men happy as well as holy, and that the holiest christian ought to be the happiest christian. His coming into our homes was like the double light of noon, and when he departed the light of his smiling face, and the brightness, and brilliancy, and charming mirthfulness of his conversation lingered with us till he came again, and we were often somewhat more than filled with his company. The last time he went abroad he wrote to me every Monday morning, informing me where he had been and what he had seen and heard the previous week; and these love-letters, especially those from Ireland, were amusing beyond all telling. His pen was like his tongue, and both were like the rosy fingers of the morning, dropping light and love, and joy and gladness all around.

It so pleased God that the death of His loving leal-hearted servant was very sudden. And such an unexpected departure is generally not to be desired—because so few are prepared for it, and so they often pray to be delivered from it—but to him whose chief end it was to

<sup>1</sup> II Cor. vi: 10.

please God, sudden death was a special favor, and his gentle dismissal from the body was the beginning of the beatific vision. It was at the week Evening Meeting of the church, and he was going up into the "high mountain apart"<sup>1</sup> to pray, when he was called to come up higher. He was very near the altar, and "ready to be offered,"<sup>2</sup> when he fainted and fell. Immediately the friends who were present gathered around him. A gentle lady lifted his good gray head into her lap, and thus he fell asleep. He had no sick bed, no wearisome night, no tossing to and fro. What a mercy! He had no dying bed, he went away without undressing, and was spared the pain of parting with those who were at home in his house. What a wonderful mercy! Was that dying? No; it was a translation—it was a transfiguration; "as he prayed the fashion of his countenance was altered."<sup>3</sup> The One with whom he walked put His arm around him, and laid His hand on his heart, not harshly, but tenderly, as the harper sometimes lays his hand on the strings of his harp—not to silence, but to soften the vibrations and sweeten the music of the lovely song. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."<sup>4</sup> The son of Bosor is not the only person who has been constrained to say: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."<sup>5</sup>

In the catacombs at Rome, there is sometimes found a stone on which a pair of empty shoes was rudely carved. How simple, yet how significant such an emblem was to mark the holy grave, where ends the earthly and where begins the heavenly walk with God; and how very appropriate such a symbol would be to keep in perpetual remembrance the life and death of our departed friend. The empty shoes would tell that he who used to wear

<sup>1</sup> Matt. xvii: 1.    <sup>2</sup> II Tim. iv: 6.    <sup>3</sup> Luke ix: 29.    <sup>4</sup> Ps. xxxvii: 37.

<sup>5</sup> Numb. xxiii: 10.

them walked with God while here below, and that he is walking still with God within the veil. When our Enoch entered into the "Holiest of all" he put off his shoes from off his feet, and left them here with us as his best memorial. I do not know what his epitaph will be, but this shall be his eulogy: "Before his translation he had this testimony that he pleased God."<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Waldron had many admiring friends wherever he was known, and especially in this church from which his heart never went away, and he will be missed as much as he will be mourned. But the exceeding greatness of your loss, and mine, is less than nothing when set over against his and heaven's gain. He pleased God, and God pleased him, and we ought to be pleased. We ought to be pleased to remember that we had such a minister, and that we had him so long. We ought to be pleased to know that on this "goodly Mountain" there grew up such a "goodly cedar," and that for thirty years we sat down under his shadow with great delight. And now that "the cedar is fallen," we ought to be just as well pleased to think that "the carpenter's son" found among our companions such a splendid piece of timber for temple building; and that already he has been transported to take his own place in the house of the Lord on high, according to the promise of the Master Builder, "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God." So, too, should those be pleased to whom he was the nearest and dearest of all—those who called him husband, and father, and brother—such a husband, such a father, such a brother—one who walked so close with God, and kept the faith so well—one who lived so divine a life, and died so divine a

<sup>1</sup> Heb. ix: 10.

<sup>2</sup> Heb. xi: 5.

Dent. iii: 25.

<sup>4</sup> Ezek. xvii: 23.

<sup>3</sup> Zech. xi: 2.

<sup>5</sup> Matt. xiii: 55.



death! Surely those who loved him most should grudge him least his glorious welcome home.

When Mary of Bethany brought her costly offering, and broke her Alabaster box at Jesus' feet and anointed his body beforehand for the burial, the record says, that "the house was filled with the odour of the ointment."<sup>1</sup> Solomon tells us that "a good name is better than precious ointment, and the day of death than the day of one's birth."<sup>2</sup> Our dear departed friend did not like funeral sermons, nor memorial services. He was such a modest man, and always felt so much like hiding "himself among the stuff,"<sup>3</sup> that I am sure and certain he will never thank us for what we are this day doing. But the Alabaster box is broken now, and the precious ointment of his good name is poured forth; it could be self-contained no longer after the box was broken; it is spreading fast and far abroad. This house which he builded is more than filled with the sweet perfume, and from these sacred walls the fragrance will never forever depart. "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."<sup>4</sup>

My "labour of love"<sup>5</sup> is now done. I wish that I could have done it better. My heart and mind both were willing, as you well know; but how to perform that which I would, I could not. "I was dumb with silence; I held my peace even from good; and my sorrow was stirred."<sup>6</sup>

My brother, so far away and yet so near, farewell! We rejoiced together; we wept together; we roomed together; we worked together, and we talked together concerning the things which we "made touching the King."<sup>7</sup> "There shall be two men in one bed; the one shall be taken and the other shall be left."<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Jno. xii: 3.    <sup>2</sup> Eccl. vii: 1.    <sup>3</sup> 1 Sam. x: 22.    <sup>4</sup> Ps. cxii: 6.

<sup>5</sup> Heb. vi: 10.    <sup>6</sup> Ps., xxxix: 2.    <sup>7</sup> Ps. xlv: 1.    <sup>8</sup> Luke xvii. 34.

Dearly beloved, your fathers and mothers called us David and Jonathan, and so did some of you.

“My brother Jonathan,”<sup>1</sup> farewell! “Very pleasant has thou been unto me.” Till we meet again, and thou shalt say hail to me, in the old familiar way, I must say to thee once more, farewell! and again I say, farewell! “The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> II Sam. i: 26.

<sup>2</sup> Gen. xxxi: 49.







"HE WAS CAUGHT UP INTO PARADISE."



## “HE WAS CAUGHT UP INTO PARADISE.”

THIS SERMON ABOUT PAUL'S RAPTURE TO HEAVEN,

DR. WALDRON LOVED TO PREACH,

“AND BY IT, HE BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH.”

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*I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago (whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether out of the body I cannot tell—God knoweth) such an one caught up to the third heaven and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter.—II Corinthians xii. 2 and part of 4 vr.*

Our text sets before us an incident in Paul's experience which is certainly one of the most remarkable in his long and eventful life.

Paul's history as given to us in the inspired volume is crowded with strange and wonderful events, and it is this which gives an interest to the record of his inner and outward experience. Paul was a wonderful man and wonderful were the events of his earthly biography. For example :

First—His life before his conversion, when he was by his own confession “the chief of sinners.” his hands stained with the blood of the martyrs, his heart puffed up with Pharisaical pride and bigotry, his lips breathing out threatenings and slaughters against the followers of the Nazarene.

Second—And then the manner of this man's conversion on the road to Damascus, when the crucified and ascended Saviour met him in the way, called him by name, charged sin home to his heart, and subdued him by the power of his grace.

Third—And then the visions he had of his glorified Redeemer in Jerusalem, in Corinth and in the midst of the storm on the Mediterranean.

Fourth—And then this man's strange courage and fidelity amid all the trials and temptations which beset his path.

Fifth—And then the heights of Christian knowledge which above all others he attained, and the depths of Christian experience which he fathomed.

Sixth—And then the impress which he has left, not only upon the Apostolic church—but upon the church and the world—everywhere and in all ages.

These and other facts in his history which we might mention give an interest to that history, which is possessed by few who have lived on the earth. Next to the life of our Lord Jesus Christ there is no life in the New Testament history, which is set before us so clearly and so fully as that of this great Apostle to the Gentiles, and for this reason—this prominence the word of God gives him—for this reason it should demand our careful attention and study.

Now among the remarkable and wondrous events of this man's life, this incident in our text which he tells the church of Corinth is far from being the least: Paul in this thing seems to stand solitary and alone; there is nothing like it before it; there is certainly nothing like it after it.

This man, years before he entered heaven and was "with Christ, which is far better," it was his honor and privilege for a season, to stand in that world of

glory, to behold the sights, to hear the sounds of the saints everlasting rest. It is Paul's rapture to heaven, this honor his Saviour conferred upon him, this marked event among the "visions and revelations of the Lord" to which your attention is invited.

Now in this experience, vouchsafed to the New Testament saint, there is much that is hidden and mysterious. We muse upon it but there is a depth of meaning which we cannot fathom. "The well is deep and we have nothing to draw with." So it was ever to the mind of this Apostle as he thought of it, pondered over it, told the story to the church. "I cannot tell, God knoweth." But because it is mysterious we are not to dismiss it from our attention. It is recorded like all the other scripture for our admonition and instruction, and we are to study it therefore—not in the spirit of worldly speculation or curiosity—but in that humble, childlike spirit in which it becomes us ever and always, to listen to the teachings of inspiration. We often find in our study of God's word, that the parts which are the hardest to be understood, which call out our greatest strength, that these yield to us the most precious fruit. This is according to the old riddle of Samson—"Out of the eater came forth meat and out of the strong came forth sweetness."

Now, where Paul was when he was thus caught up into Paradise, what he was then doing, how long he remained there, what events were associated with this wondrous experience, what were the purposes it fulfilled? These things the Apostle does not tell us. The record is brief, we should all like to hear more; there are many curious questions which come up in our hearts, but the veil is drawn—inspiration is silent. There are, however, as we study the record, several remarkable circumstances which teach us lessons of wisdom, and which make this incident

in Paul's experience "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness."

We do not propose to make any attempt this morning to fathom the mystery of this event. We desire to call your attention to some practical lessons we gather from it, and in which we all have a personal interest.

What then are some of the remarkable things which are connected with Paul's rapture to heaven?

I. The first is this—The peculiar and unusual manner in which Paul speaks of himself. Now if you look at the record you will find that Paul, in relating his experience, uses not the first person, but the third person. At first we would suppose that he was speaking, not of himself, but of another. "I knew a man," says Paul, "above fourteen years ago." If we had no further light we would infer that the Apostle was speaking of some other man, some former acquaintance, some friend he had known in earlier days. He seems to be telling us a story; not in reference to his own personal experience, but something he had heard from the lips of another. "I knew a man"; "such a man"; he was caught up into paradise.

Now that this man was Paul himself, that it was an incident in his own personal experience, an event in his own individual life. This is evident from his language in the seventh verse. "Lest I should be exalted above measure." We learn, therefore, that he was the individual thus honored and favored—that Paul here is speaking to the Corinthian disciples from the treasures of his own personal experience.

Why then, the question comes up, why does he use this singular form of speech, as if it was not himself but another? It is difficult to answer that question. Some suppose that this might be the reason: When Paul looked at himself when he wrote these words, a

man struggling, tempted, buffeted by satan, compassed about with the infirmities of the flesh and spirit, with fears within and fightings without. When he thought of what he was at that present time, and then back fourteen years and called to mind what he was in that past time—a man amid the rests and raptures of heaven—it seemed to him that these two states were so entirely different and diverse that it could not be he ; it must be some other person. Everything on earth, within and without him, was so different from what he had seen and heard and felt in heaven that perhaps he wondered if he had ever been there.

There may, my friends, be something of the same feeling which will come over the heart of the redeemed the moment it leaves earth and enters heaven. There will be such a striking and marked difference between an experience in grace and an experience in glory. Such a contrast between the familiar sights of time and the strange and stupendous visions of eternity. Such a change between what we are now and what we will be then that the saint in heaven will wonder whether the soul—at peace, at rest, completely sanctified and redeemed—can be the same soul which was tried and tempted, the sinful, the sorrowing soul on earth.

Our history here below may seem to us then as Paul's rapture to heaven appeared to him when he told the story to the church, our hearts may answer to his, we may come in sympathy with the self-same experience recorded in our text. So strangely different will be an experience on earth from an experience in heaven that when we reach heaven we will be lost in wonder and sweet surprise, whether the heart amid holy rapture is the same heart which once felt the sins and sorrows of earth, we may then exclaim in the same spirit with which Paul wrote these words,



“I wonder if it is I myself.” “I knew a man in Christ.”  
 “Can it be—it must be that I am he!”

II. Another remarkable thing in the narrative is Paul’s designation of himself. He is about to speak of himself. Now how does he describe himself? What title does he make use of? What is the word of his own choosing?

It is not by his lineage—we know that he gloried that he was of “the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews.” He was proud that in his veins there was no Gentile and idolatrous blood; but he does not say, “I knew a man who was a Jew.” Nor yet, was it by his nationality, “although he clung to his citizenship, rejoiced that he was ‘free-born,’ made it the ground of his appeal to Cæsar; but he does not say, ‘I knew a man who was a Roman citizen.’” Nor yet again was it by his office in the church, although it was the highest in the church and in it he was not a whit behind the chiefest of his fellow disciples, he does not say “I knew a man who was an Apostle.”

But there is another title which Paul, not as a Jew, as a Roman, as an Apostle, but another title which Paul as a sinner takes to himself. It is greater and better than all, it is brief, but very comprehensive, it is simple, but full of precious meaning. “I knew a man in Christ.” It is the word of spiritual strength, of precious assurance, of unspeakable hope! No matter what else we are if we are only this, then we are rich indeed. And so, on the other hand, if with all the other titles we may receive or earth can give us, we are destitute of this, then we are poor indeed!

After all, it is not strange that such a man as Paul—even with all the gifts and talents which were his, with all that he had done and suffered on earth, with all the high offices he had held in the church—



should, after all and above all, select this as his best title on earth, the hope to which he clung, the rock upon which he built. That man was in Christ ; if he had not been in Christ surely he never would have been caught up into heaven where Christ is.

This, after all, is the best designation of a Christian, for it tells us why he is such. It is union to Christ, a union made by faith and the Holy Spirit by which we are born into the kingdom, and it is communion with Christ—that is, the root of all Christian life and growth. This is the only indispensable condition of salvation ! It is not church, nor creed, nor moral life ; it is the union of the branch to Christ the vine ; it is the union of the member to Christ the head. All who are in Christ are saved ; all who are out of Christ—in the light of God's word there is nothing uncharitable in saying it—all who are out of Christ have no part or lot in Christ's salvation.

“ Let names and sects and parties fall,  
And Jesus Christ be all in all.”

III. Another point in the narrative which is remarkable and instructive is the wonderful humility and modesty of this Apostle. Now it seems strange that after Paul had enjoyed this beatific vision of glory, this rapture to the third heaven, that for so long a time he kept his lips closed and told it not to others. Fourteen years seem to have passed away, and yet, during all that time, he kept this wonderful experience hidden in the secrecy of his heart. “ He told the vision to no man.” Paul, no doubt, often mused upon it—this memory of his Saviour's love, this day of the right hand of his Master's presence—but no heart, but the heart which felt it, knew aught of it. Like the Virgin Mother he kept this token of his Master's grace and pondered over it in his heart.

It was not until after these many years that he published the record of his high and holy experience, and when he did it he seems to have done it reluctantly; he did not want to; he was compelled to do it in order to vindicate his right to the Apostleship, which some in Corinth had called in question. Why, then did this man who had been caught up into heaven say nothing about it; why did he close his lips upon this theme which revealed so much the honor the Master had conferred upon him, this special privilege which exalted him above his fellow Apostles and Disciples? This was no doubt the reason: It arose from the humility of his heart; he shrunk back from the very thought of publishing far and wide anything which might tend to his own exaltation or excite the envy of others.

One remarkable thing about Paul is this: That the Apostle who was the highest in dignity was just as high and as eminent in his lowly humility. That man must have brought back with him from the third heavens the spirit which reigns there—that of abasement and humility—the spirit which veils the face of the seraphim, which speaks in the songs of glory, which casts the crown of heaven at the feet of the Lamb. It was because Paul felt in his heart what he loved to tell with his lips. “I know nothing of myself, and have nothing to glory in;” it was because he was clothed upon with humility as a garment. This was the reason why he drew, as it were, a veil over this vision of glory and would not speak of it to others.

Now it is wonderful, as we study the life of St. Paul, to find that the longer he lived and labored—the nearer he came to heaven—that the more humble he grew. Paul often thought of this question, it is a good question for us to muse upon: “What sort of a man am I?” What now are Paul’s standards to decide that question?

I. First he compares himself with Apostles. “What

am I in contrast with Peter, James and John—with the other Apostles of my Lord?" This is his judgment: "I am not meet to be called an Apostle."

II. Years after he makes another comparison; he has another standard; he comes down lower—not with Apostles, but with Saints. "What am I in the household of faith, among my brethren, the disciples of my Master?" This is his decision: "Less than the least of all saints!" "Less than the least"—that is poor grammar, but it is grand theology.

III. Now, again, just before his translation to glory—when he stood on the threshold of heaven and life to him was a thing of the past—he makes another comparison, not with Apostles, not with Saints, but he comes down lowest of all—the comparison is with sinners. "Among sinners on the face of the earth, who and what am I?" Saul of Tarsus says: "Of sinners I am the chief?" It was when he was the ripest for heaven, when this old veteran of the cross was "kneeling on the threshold and his hand upon the door," then he had the most humbling views of himself—of sinners' chief! Bishop Taylor says: "The highest flames are the most tremulous, and so, also, the highest Christians are the most eminent for their reverence and humility."

Now Paul, in the humility of his heart, as he concealed this token of his Saviour's love does not stand alone. There is a great deal of Christian experience, like that which is recorded in our text, which the disciple hides away in his own heart and of which his most intimate friends are ignorant. There is much of the Saviour's dealings with the believer, the revelation of his love and his grace upon which the Master seems to write that saying, "Tell the vision to no man." Our Christian experience, and often the best part of it, is a hidden experience, unknown to the world and to the

church. For example—who can tell all that passed between Jacob and the Angel of the Covenant, as they wrestled at Peniel until the breaking of the day? Who can tell the thoughts which passed to and fro between Moses and Israel's God, when for forty days and forty nights they were on Horeb and talked together as a "friend talketh with a friend?"

This is the characteristic of the Christian life: "Your life," says Paul, "is hid with Christ in God." This is the meaning of that promise of our ascended Saviour: "To him that overcometh I will give to eat of the hidden Manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it. We need, my friends, something of the self-same spirit to crucify the tendency to spiritual pride when we would tell what God has done for us; when we speak of it we are to do it in the humility of our hearts, that thus the glory may be—not to us—but to him to whom all glory is due.

There is another point in this wondrous experience which brings out the humility of Paul, and that is the estimate he formed of this rapture to glory. Now, my friends, if Paul's experience had been the experience of any of us, if we had been partakers of this high honor and privilege, if we had been caught up into paradise, had seen the sights, and heard the songs of that kingdom of glory, surely we would regard it as one of the most marked and distinguishing events in our history. We would perhaps put it "first and foremost;" we would love to muse upon it, love to speak of it to others.

Now how was it with this New Testament saint? In the range of his Christian experience, where did he put this "vision and revelation of the Lord;" what place did he assign to it; did he give to it the preëminence; did he make it the ground of boasting; was it to

him a reason for his exaltation? Far from it! There was something else which he put far above it; in comparison with it, this heavenly rapture was but as the dust in the balance. "Therefore," says Paul, just after he had told this wondrous story, "therefore, I take pleasure." In what?—in visions of faith, in raptures to glory, in the sights and sounds of paradise. Not so! "I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake," and this is the reason—"for when I am weak then am I strong."

It was not the experience of heavenly glory, but another sort of experience, that experience which told him how weak and helpless he was, and how mighty and loving was his Master, which annihilated the pride of his heart, which took the crown from his head and put it on the head of his Saviour. It was to this that, in the humility of his heart, he clung and to which he gave the preëminence. Heavenly ecstasy was as nothing, and less than nothing, in comparison with sanctified suffering! After all, this is the best part of Christian experience, and it is only the humble in heart who know it—that experience which teaches us our weakness and infirmity and "leads us to the rock which is higher than we."

IV. Another remarkable circumstance which we can only briefly mention is the experience which followed after this rapture to heaven. How strange and striking the contrast! How suddenly earth's shadows follow the heavenly sunshine! One moment Paul is in heaven, a companion and fellow worshiper of the holy angels; the next moment he is on earth fighting with the devil. One moment his soul is filled with unspeakable ecstasy, and the next moment there is "a sharp thorn in the flesh." Such, my friends, is life to each and to all of us—



full of unexpected events and strange contrasts. There is an old French proverb, "The unforeseen always happens." To-day tells us nothing of our experience to-morrow; from our highest joy we may go down to our deepest sorrow; right in the midst of our joyous exaltation we may find "our thorn in the flesh."

Job, in the fulness of his prosperity and in the prospect of earthly anticipation, exclaimed: "I shall die in my nest and multiply my days as the sand." But in a moment, and unexpectedly, God stirred up that nest and scattered it, and Job found himself on the heap of ashes, with a potsherd in his hand, a poor, homeless, childless man!

We often need just such a discipline—"to have our hopes o'erturned and prospects crossed"—to teach us the vanity of earth and all earthly things, and to fix our affections on those things which are unseen and eternal.

V. Another point in the narrative which is remarkable, and so remarkable that Paul mentions it twice, is his ignorance of the manner of his translation to heaven. Now Paul was not in any doubt as to the nature of the event, as to whether it was a real and actual translation; but here, to the Apostle, was the mystery—whether in that heavenly rapture the soul was separated from the body and went there alone, or whether soul and body together were admitted to paradise. That mystery Paul did not attempt to fathom and comprehend; he left it there; what he knew not was known to God; "whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether out of the body I cannot tell—God knoweth." Now that mystery—it is one of the great mysteries of the unseen and spiritual world to which we are all journeying—it still remains.

For example—We know at death—the Bible teaches

us this doctrine—at death the soul goes to God who gave it. Death, we know, severs the tie which binds the soul to the body. The body goes back to its kindred element, “dust to dust.” Every silent coffin, every new-made grave proves this saddening truth. But the soul “dies not with the body,” it shakes off the fetters of mortality: it wings its way to an unseen world. God, its Creator, the Father of all spirits, claims it as his own, “it returns to God who gave it.” So far we can go, now go a step farther. “How is the soul carried thither when it leaves its clayey tenement?” Here is a mystery, and the more we study it the more we are perplexed and bewildered. After all our inquiries and speculations we come to this conclusion—it is the only one we can reach, with it we must be satisfied—“I cannot tell, God knoweth.”

That path which leads from the couch of the dying believer to his home in heaven; that experience which comes the moment after death, this to us all is unknown and untried; but it is all open and naked to the omniscient eye of our God and Saviour, and this surely, to the believer, is enough.

“I will come and receive you unto myself.” That is the promise of the Covenant, but when we muse upon it and the question comes up, how is it that the Master will fulfill the word He has spoken; how does the spirit wing its way to the place where Christ is; how is it that, “absent from the body, we are present with the Lord?” Here “we see darkly and only in part,” or, rather, we do not see at all. We are to leave that blessed mystery just where Paul left his, believing and rejoicing that which we cannot tell, the Lord knoweth, and will bring about in his own way.

So, also, at the resurrection and the second coming of our Lord, we know that then the soul, with the body,

will appear before God; at death it is the soul without the body; at the resurrection, the soul with the body.

Paul's translation is the type of the translation of all God's people who will be living on earth when Christ comes, for the Apostle, in describing that experience, uses the very same language under which he describes his own. "Then we who are alive and remain will be caught up together with them"—that is the dead in Christ who rise first—"to meet the Lord in the air and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

So far we have the testimony of Christ, but when we dwell upon this wondrous theme: The dead in their graves, hearing the voice of the Son of God, and awakening from their slumber; the souls of the departed coming back again and dwelling in their quickened dust; the harvests which will then spring up in glory from the seeds sown in corruption; that change which is to be wrought in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump—who can dwell upon this theme and not find it just as full of mystery as that which Paul found in his rapture to heaven? This is the way in which we are to meet the mysteries of our faith—believing even what we cannot understand; rejoicing that what we know not and cannot tell, God knoweth and God will provide.

VI. There is one other point in the narrative—Paul's description of heaven after he had been there. Now suppose the inspired Apostle should come to us with these tidings which he told to the church of Corinth; or, suppose that to-day, in this sanctuary, one should stand before us—a man who had crossed the threshold of the heavenly gate, who had seen the sights and heard the sounds of the saints' everlasting rest, who had returned again, after such an experience, to live on



earth. Suppose that he stood here and we believed it was even so, how we would gather around him, how many questions we would ask him—questions of curiosity, questions of anxiety, questions of coveted information. How the church and the world would start up in the attitude of expectation, eager to hear the description of that world from which he had come and to which we hope we are all journeying.

What and where is heaven; what is the appearance of the angels and the redeemed; what is the language there spoken—how do they converse with each other? Paul speaks of the “tongues of angels;” what does Paul mean? How does that world beyond the grave resemble, how does it differ from this? How about the recognitions, the employments, the worship of heaven? The friends who have gone before—how were they recognized, and in what way, by the friends who came after? We all know something of that feeling expressed by the poet; we feel it especially in times of recent bereavement, when lover and friend is removed from us, and our familiar acquaintance hidden in darkness.

“Oh! Christ that it were possible  
For one short hour to see,  
The souls we loved, that they might tell us  
What and where they be.”

How many questions like these would start up in the mind; how eager we would be to ask them; how anxious to have them answered, if we knew there was one among us who had been caught up into paradise and came back again from heaven to earth with the memory of that experience.

Now what did Paul tell the church of Corinth, and what does he tell us? He told them the fact that he had gone up to the heavenly paradise, his eyes had

seen the "King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off," his ears had heard the seraphic melodies of heaven, and now what were these? Paul had nothing to tell! "I heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter." He had gone within the vail. He had stood where "angels tremble as they gaze," but he had no authority; yea, more, he had no power to tell a single syllable his ears had heard, a single sight his eyes had witnessed.

There were two reasons for this silence:

I. These words were unspeakable. The things of heaven could not be translated into the language of earth; the human mind cannot form any adequate conception; mortal tongue cannot repeat in human dialect what that experience is which makes up heaven, that heaven in which dwell our glorified Redeemer, the holy angels, the spirits of the just made perfect. You might as well attempt to describe colors to a blind man, or the enchantments of music to a deaf man—to one who has never seen or heard—as to bring down to human thoughts and to sinful hearts the ineffable grandeurs, the spotless purity, the perfect enjoyment of God's secret pavilion in heaven.

II. But more than this, these words are not only unspeakable but the Apostle adds, unlawful to utter. God put his hand upon the lips of the Apostle and forbade him to utter what his eyes had seen or his ears had heard. God had not seen fit to turn aside the vail of that world to which we are journeying, or to answer all the curious questions and speculations which come up in these hearts of ours. The great outlines of what heaven is God has told us in his holy word. We know it is a place of perfect holiness and happiness; a place where Christ reigns with his holy angels, and where all the redeemed are to be gathered. In the light of inspiration

we can with the beloved disciple look into the door of heaven and gaze upon this vision of glory and beauty. We know enough to lead us to seek a title and meetness for heaven and to make this life a preparation for that life to come; but when in the spirit of wordly speculation and curiosity we would fill out the great outlines and be "wise above that which is written," then we find how fruitless are our inquiries, how little we know of that world which is beyond the grave.

Paul, although he had stood amid the glories of paradise, had nothing to tell except that the words he had heard, and no doubt the sights he had seen it was unlawful, it was impossible for him to communicate to others.

The great question of life, after all, with all of us is this—not so much where heaven is, and what heaven is in all its minute details, but this is the great question of life for which life is given: Have I a title to heaven; am I journeying thither; is this life to me a preparation for that life which is within the vail? Soon or later we shall all know if we are the people of God; we shall know in heaven what Paul knew on earth but could not tell to others. We shall hear the "words which are unspeakable and unlawful to utter." We shall be caught up into paradise, and find in the presence of that Saviour whom we love and serve "fullness, joy, and at his right hand pleasures which are forevermore."





TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.



## TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

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### THE CLASSIS OF SARATOGA.

The following minute was presented at the session of the Classis of Saratoga, held at Schuylerville, Nov. 20, 1888:

Rev. Chas. N. Waldron, D. D., of Detroit, Mich., lately deceased, was born and brought up in the Reformed Church, and having finished his theological education at Princeton, was ordained in the church of his fathers, in which he served so faithfully and efficiently for nearly forty years as greatly to commend him to our kindest regards and sincere confidence. Therefore,

*Resolved*, That while the Classis of Saratoga bows with uncomplaining submission to the Providential dispensation that has removed him from our midst, to that of the Church above, we cannot repress our deep sense of bereavement of the loss of a brother so worthy, so gifted and so beloved.

REV. A. G. COCHRAN, *Committee*.

Unanimously accepted and adopted by the Classis.

IRA VAN ALLEN, *Clerk*.

### CONSISTORY OF THE REFORMED CHURCH.

The following is the action of the Consistory of the Reformed Church of Cohoes:

The Consistory of the Reformed Church of Cohoes, having heard with deep sorrow the announcement of the decease of Rev. Dr. Waldron, the late pastor of this church, would make this entry upon their minutes expressive of their sense of loss and of their full appreciation of the great work done by Dr. Waldron during his thirty years' ministry in this church:

During his pastorate in this city this church assumed proportions of strength, influence and blessing that have made it a center of spiritual power to the flock, to our denomination and to our land.

Dr. Waldron, as a preacher, was spiritual, instructive and eloquent; as a pastor, industrious, sympathetic, faithful and affectionate; as a friend, loving, liberal and ever benevolent; as a citizen, loyal, patriotic and public-spirited.

His name stands connected here with all that commands respect, calls forth ardent affection and everlasting remembrance. He was a good soldier of Jesus Christ, falling with the armor on at the front of the line, and his ascension to his crown was almost a translation.

It is our prayer, as a Consistory, that we may be faithful to the trusts left in our hands and attest our love as sincere by the deepest consecration to this Zion's welfare and the consummation of the work here so well begun by our glorified brother.

J. PASCHAL STRONG,  
*President of the Consistory.*



## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Resolutions adopted by the First Presbyterian Church of Hillsdale, Mich., on the death of the Rev. Dr. Chas. N. Waldron:

*To the Family of Dr. Waldron, Detroit, Mich.:*

It was with sincere sorrow we learned of the great bereavement which has so recently fallen on you in the death of the Rev. Dr. Waldron; and from the affection we have for his memory and the respect we have for his family, we think it fitting to say a few words on behalf of the members of the First Presbyterian Church and society of Hillsdale—a church in which his brothers worshipped and which held a strong place in his affections, and we assure you his death comes nearer to our hearts than to any aside from his family and kindred. To this church he was for a few years a dearly beloved pastor, wholly consecrated to his Master's work. Powerful in the pulpit and strong in the scriptures, which were his daily study, he pointed out to some of us, for the first time, the Way of Life, and was a source of strength and encouragement to the whole church. As a pastor in the congregation the kindness and tenderness of his nature was apparent to all, and made him a welcome visitor in every home; and in many of these homes in our midst, when sickness, death and deep shadows came, he was ever ready with his cheery voice, and with those words which could only come from a heart full of love and faith. He was ever a true friend to us, in "whom was no variableness, neither shadow of turning." And when his pastoral relations ceased, we still received continued and substantial evidence of his interest in our welfare. We feel he has gone to his reward, and come to a full knowledge of the truth of the scriptures. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

By order of the Session of the First Presbyterian Church of Hillsdale.

EDWARD E. MOORE, *Clerk.*

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Action taken by the First Presbyterian Church, Detroit, Mich., on the death of the Rev. Dr. Chas. N. Waldron:

## IN MEMORIAM.

At a meeting of the Session of the First Presbyterian Church of Detroit, held on the evening of March 5th, 1888, the following minute, offered by Elder D. B. Duffield, was unanimously adopted:

The Rev. Dr. Chas. N. Waldron, having on the evening of March 2nd, A. D. 1888, suddenly and fatally fallen when about to enter the desk and open the Friday evening prayer meeting, we, the Session of this church, while bowing with reverence before Him with whom are the issues of life, and who ordereth all things well, do hereby express our heartfelt sorrow over the loss of one who has of late stood in such close and tender relations with this church, and, especially, during the last six months or more, in which he has filled our vacant pulpit. His clear, eloquent and acceptable presentation of Gospel truth in the Sabbath service, and his rich expositions of Scripture in the Prayer Meeting, together with his cheerful discharge of pastoral duties whenever called upon, have endeared him to us all, and will long keep his name in blessed memory among our people. We, therefore, direct that this minute be placed upon our records, and a copy transmitted to the widow and family of the deceased, together with an expression of our sincerest sympathy in the great loss sustained, not only by them, but by the church at large, in the death of their beloved and honored head. And we here commend them to the gracious care and keeping of Him who alone is able to "Give the oil of joy for mourning and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD,

J. F. DICKIE,

*Clerk of Session.*

*Moderator.*

## JEFFERSON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Resolutions adopted by the Jefferson Avenue Presbyterian Church, Detroit, Mich., on the death of the Rev. Dr. C. N. Waldron:

At a meeting of the Session of the Jefferson Avenue Presbyterian Church, held on Sabbath afternoon, March 4th, 1888, the following minute was adopted and the clerk directed to record the same upon the minutes of the Session, and forward a copy to the bereaved widow and family of the deceased:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Divine Master recently to remove by death His faithful ministering servant, the Rev. Dr. Chas. N. Waldron, whose departure, so sudden and unexpected, and at an hour when he was about to lead the devotions of one of our sister churches in their evening service, seemed almost like a translation. It is hereby

*Resolved*, That, having frequently enjoyed his labors while supplying our pulpit, we hereby bear our unqualified testimony of his faithfulness, ability and zeal in the ministry of the Word; that it was always a pleasure to welcome him as a minister of Christ among our people, and that we shall long fondly cherish the memory of his acceptable and profitable service among us.

*Resolved*, That we hereby tender to his bereaved widow and family our warmest Christian sympathies with our fervent prayers that the precious consolation of the Gospel, which the departed husband so often ministered to others, may be abundantly bestowed on them in this hour of their deep sorrow and bereavement.

HORACE HALLOCK,

*Clerk of the Session,*

Jefferson Ave. Pres. Church, Detroit, Mich.

### THE HOLLAND REFORMED CHURCH.

Resolutions adopted by the First Holland Reformed Church, Detroit, Mich., on the death of the Rev. Dr. Waldron:

DETROIT, Mich., March 5th, 1888.

*Mrs. C. N. Waldron:*

The sad news of the death of the Rev. Dr. C. N. Waldron was heard yesterday in our congregation with deep sorrow. A meeting of the Consistory was held, and it was

*Resolved*, That in view of the kindness of Dr. Waldron in supplying our pulpit with English services for nearly one winter, helping the Consistory in every way to build up our church and taking great interest in the congregation, we feel called upon to testify, in this way, to his good will to us and our great sorrow at his departure.

*Resolved*, That a copy of this memorial of the Rev. Dr. Waldron be sent to Holland, Mich., to be published in the Holland church paper at Hope College.

Wishing the Lord will give you strength and faith to stand this great loss.

In the name of the Consistory of the First Holland Reformed Church,

C. M. VAN OOSTENBRUGGE.

## ON THE ALTAR'S STAIR.

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SUDDEN DEATH OF REV. CHARLES N. WALDRON, D. D.,  
OF DETROIT.

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IN THE NEW YORK EVANGELIST, BY D. B. DUFFIELD.

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### *Editor of the New York Evangelist:*

This distinguished divine and most excellent preacher passed last evening behind the veil, with scarce a moment's warning. For several months past he has kindly filled the vacant pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, preaching twice on Sundays and taking charge of the weekly meetings, besides looking after the sick of the congregation whenever called upon. His able discourses in the pulpit, his rich expositions of Scripture in the lecture room, his prompt and faithful discharge of every duty, and his genial and pleasant manners, had won for him not only the respect and reverence of the people, but also their united love; for while only acting as "a supply," he was in fact discharging all the more tender offices of pastor, and was really so regarded and esteemed by the congregation at large.

Last evening he left his house to take charge of the prayer meeting, came to the church a few minutes before the regular hour, and in passing through the lecture-room toward the desk, he was suddenly seized with an apparent fainting spell, grasped for a moment one of



the columns, and then fell. He was assisted to a chair, and to the inquiry of "What was the matter?" he simply answered, "I feel faint," but said no more. In less than five minutes, with his head in the lap of one of the ladies present, he breathed his last, amid the tearful throng who by this time were gathered around him. His devoted wife, who generally accompanied him to church, did not, on account of the inclemency of the weather, go with him last evening, and was shocked beyond measure when, within an hour after leaving his home, apparently in perfect health, he was returned to her in the silence of death.

This occurrence, so like the departure of Rev. Dr. Duffield, the former pastor of the church in 1868, impressed the people, especially the older members of the church, with profound sorrow, and has cast a gloom over a wide circle of the dead preacher's friends. The funeral rites have not yet been arranged for, and I add no more, except to say that the deceased retained his connection with the Dutch Reformed Church, and had formerly been a pastor in Cohoes, N. Y., and in Hillsdale in this State. His ecclesiastical record you probably know. He had been a resident of Detroit for several years past, and had only last year erected a new and beautiful home, where, surrounded by his books and every home comfort, he was spending his last years in a happy retirement from the more onerous responsibilities of an active pastorate, but still wearing the armor of the Christian soldier, ready to serve in any emergency whenever called upon. We all lament him, for he was a fearless and able preacher, a ripe scholar, a genial friend, and an exemplar of all those Christian and domestic virtues that make the noblest men. He has gone to his reward, but his works and many very pleasant memories will long live after him.

## BY C. VAN SANTVOORD, D. D.

IN THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

The tidings of the sudden death of Rev. Charles N. Waldron, D. D., at Detroit, Mich., on the 2d inst., came to his numerous friends at the East with the force of a shock, impressing upon not a few of them a sense of personal bereavement. He had resided in Michigan since 1879, and had been removed, therefore, for this period, from direct personal intercourse with those who knew him longest and best. But with many of these the sense of his personality,—his frank face, his vivacious address, his genial spirit that breathed through look and word and act, remained fresh as though he had lately left them on a visit and was soon to return.

His first residence after going to Michigan was at Hillsdale, then the home of his brother, the Hon. Henry Waldron, since deceased. Here a vacant Presbyterian Church secured his services, though he declined to settle as pastor over it, preferring to supply it and to retain his connection with the Reformed Church, in which all his previous ministerial life had passed. This connection was not sundered to the last, he being at his death a member of the Classis of Saratoga. Not long after his brother's death, which was hardly less sudden than his own, he removed to Detroit, where two of his sons are in business, and where a wider field opened to him for the exercise of his superior abilities and gifts as a minister of Christ. These abilities were at once recognized, and his services were in constant demand in various churches in the city, from the beginning of his residence there. Though not purposing to assume the pastoral charge again, he was called upon to preach almost continuously, being at his death the regular supply of the First Pres-

byterian Church, and had been since Rev. Mr. Barr resigned its pastorate. Indeed, it was while proceeding to fulfill the Friday evening appointment in that church, as he was walking up the aisle of the lecture-room to enter on this service, that death arrested his steps, and he was bidden to lay aside the armor he had bravely worn so long, and rest among the faithful beyond the din of earthly warfare in the presence of the Lord.

Dr. Waldron's main life-work was done at Cohoes, N. Y. Here stands and will remain the principal memorial of his earnest and efficient ministry. Graduating from Union College in 1846, and from Princeton Seminary in 1849, he was ordained the same year by the Classis of Watervliet, and settled at Cohoes, then in this Classis, which, in 1858, blended with the Classis of Washington, the two forming the Classis of Saratoga. He found the church of Cohoes in 1849 feeble in numbers and resources; he left it in 1879 a strong and influential society. Its families increased in the thirty years of his pastorate from fifty-five to a hundred and eighty, its membership from seventy-two to three hundred and seventy-three. The modest little structure where the first worshippers met was in due time supplanted by the stately and spacious edifice now occupied by the congregation, while various departments of church work and enterprise were fitly organized and put in efficient operation. The church owed its material expansion mainly to his own energy, tact, earnestness and wisdom in winning men, but he was fortunate in and aided by his social affiliations. His uncle by marriage was Egbert Egberts, who held large manufacturing interests in the place, was a warm friend of the Reformed Church, and bore a large part of the burden which the new church edifice imposed, and who stood ready with his aid when other church burdens needed lightening. Thus the



society moved on in harmony, and free from debt, that frequent bane of a church, increasing steadily in members and strength, under the faithful labors of a pastor who enjoyed in a high degree the confidence and affection of his flock, to whose welfare he devoted his best faculties with unwearied assiduity.

In this day of frequent ministerial changes, a pastorate of thirty years is a long term. But unusually strong ties in this case held people and pastor together. They looked up to him with entire trust in his sincerity, respecting, honoring, loving him for the grand message he proclaimed, for the earnestness with which he sought to win the wandering to the cross, for the warm sympathies which brought comfort to the sorrowing and relief to the burdened. They found strength, profit, guidance, cheer in his preaching, and had no wish to change it for the untried. He, on his part, was quite satisfied with them, and with the field he was appointed to till, and sought and desired no change, closing his ear to suggestions looking in that direction, and content to stand and labor on in the lot where the Lord of the Vineyard had placed him, not courting the applause of the world, nor notoriety from appearing in other pulpits than his own, but quietly, humbly, steadfastly seeking to do his whole duty well, in his own field of labor, and mainly anxious among his own people, "by manifestation of the truth, to commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

Thus his people loved him more the longer and better they came to know him. His hold upon them was very strong indeed, as was shown at the fiftieth anniversary services of the church last fall, when he was present to take part in the ceremonies, and the people thronged the church to hear again a voice they had so much loved, and to welcome with tears one who had done so much

good, and who by his life and work among them had so deeply impressed himself on the community.

They had, indeed, good reason to set high value upon his ministry. For, although for the reason above mentioned, and from his retiring disposition he was not widely known to the churches and even ministers of our name, he was a strong man in his own pulpit, and an effective preacher to the end of his ministry. His strength owed little to nature and art. His voice was not powerful nor particularly pleasing. He lacked elocutionary graces and cared little about them. His delivery was rapid with but little action to enliven it. But his enunciation was distinct. His style was clear, crisp and incisive. He was an earnest and diligent student of the Scriptures, with which his discourse was richly imbued. His sermons were prepared with conscientious care, were clear and cogent in presenting the truth, striking often with illustrations, which his fine culture and wide and various reading enabled him to gather, thoroughly evangelical in tone, direct and forcible in application, and glowing with an earnestness that yearned to persuade men "in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God." These were qualities that made his preaching fresh and edifying to the close of his earthly work.

Socially he was a delightful companion. With intimate friends, before whom he felt no reserve, his keen sense of humor, his aptness at repartee, his wealth of anecdote, his incisive comments on events of the day, appeared at their brightest, making him the most vivacious and entertaining of talkers. His buoyant spirits needed such occasional effervescence as this. But the transition from gay to grave was not, in this case, harsh or hard. The genial nature that could entertain friends was sympathetic towards the woe-worn and sorrowing. His words soothed the couch of sickness and pain, con-

veyed courage to the weak and wavering, and hope to those ready to despair. Many of his former flock will appreciate this well. Nor is it necessary to add that this warm-hearted Christian man proved himself, in his own house, a loving and devoted father and husband, ever watchful of the welfare of those nearest to him and ever rejoicing to have them walk with him in the ways of the Lord. As preacher, pastor, head of a family, as true friend and good citizen, he "served his generation faithfully by the will of God," and having done this he fell asleep.

He fell by a sudden stroke, as the bolt from heaven sometimes does its work. And this quick sundering of spirit and clay seems a fearful calamity, and people so speak of it, especially when years of fruitful labor might be reasonably looked for from him thus summoned away before reaching his three score years and ten. So friends who sit with bowed heads and bleeding hearts beside the remains of the dearly loved, may think and feel. But, divorced from these natural emotions which will assert themselves when the most beloved die, whether suddenly or not, why, when the Master of all would exalt a servant to sit in heavenly places, is not this swift translation thither a boon and privilege, rather than a calamity to deplore? It means exemption from all possibility of mortal suffering in any form, often severe and long drawn out, and instant possession of "the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him," too wondrous for eye to see or heart to understand. Life's labors done, just when, the Master must and does decide, the faithful laborer should be deemed happy indeed who enters by one bound, as it were, "the house of God not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And we who honored and loved him may well "comfort one another with these words."

## AT THE ALTAR STAIR.

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THE REV. DR. WALDRON DIES WHEN ABOUT TO ENTER  
THE PULPIT.

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IN THE HILLSDALE LEADER.

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The announcement of Dr. Waldron's sudden death was received with great surprise in this city. Only a few days previous he had been here attending to his business interests and apparently in his usual good health. For many years during the lifetime of his brothers Henry and William in this city, and while he resided at Cohoes, N. Y., he was an occasional visitor here, and made many friends and acquaintances. In 1879 he removed here with his family and became pastor of the Presbyterian Church, which position he held for three years, when, by reason of much needed rest, he resigned as pastor of the church, greatly to the regret of the entire church and congregation. No pastor since the death of the Rev. F. R. Gallaher had so completely won the love and confidence of his church and society, indeed of the whole community, as did Dr. Waldron. After the death of his brother Henry, he was elected president of the First National Bank, but not wishing to be burdened by the cares and duties of the position, he resigned his place at the head and accepted the office of vice-president, which position he held until his death. He was one of the principal stockholders in the bank. He was the survivor

of three brothers, Henry and William having died in this city, and two sisters, Mrs. Mary E. Waterman and Margaret, only are left of the family. No words of praise are necessary, indeed, it is difficult to understand how anything can be added to the honorable fame his daily life of good works had secured to him. Of broad culture and great scholarly attainments, yet the poor and distressed ever found in him a friend to whom they might of a certainty go without fear of repulsion. A good man in word, life and deed has been called home. A large number from this city attended the funeral and the remains were laid at rest in Woodmere Cemetery in Detroit Tuesday afternoon.

## FROM THE HILLSDALE COLLEGE HERALD.

By the death of Dr. Waldron the College has lost a faithful friend. When the late Hon. Henry Waldron, a trustee from the organization of the institution, was suddenly stricken down in the midst of a busy life, without opportunity to do for the College what all believed he would have done if permitted to accomplish his purposes, this brother with the sister and widow, promptly came forward and established, as a memorial, the Waldron Professorship. Although, at that time, he was comparatively a stranger, he cheerfully accepted the vacant seat of his brother, and took up his work in the interest of the college. We have been proud of him as a trustee and sincerely mourn his death. Every member of the school feels that a real friend and able helper has gone. Words can but feebly express the irreparable loss. His place on the Board of Trustees cannot be filled. Broad-minded, clear-headed, conscientious men of experience and large influence are not easily found. It requires sixty-four years of honest, faithful service in this life, under the most favorable circumstances, to develop one like the Rev. Dr. C. N. Waldron. As a citizen no man ever stood higher in the esteem of the people of this community. He was a friend of all. None escaped his notice because of low condition or received it more because of high degree. He was to all the same genial, benevolent, kind-hearted Christian gentleman. He was earnest, loyal, true in all things. The funeral



services were held at the winter residence of the family, 47 Watson street, Detroit, Tuesday, at 2 o'clock. A large number of friends and neighbors from this city attended, among them Pres. Geo. F. Mosher. All college exercises were suspended during the afternoon.



























